

Spirit of the Age.

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THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC, AS CONNECTED WITH THE VIOLATION OF THE DECALOGUE.

BY A METHODIST MINISTER.

CHAPTER IV. THE THIRD COMMANDMENT.

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain," &c.

"Take not His name, who made thy mouth, in vain."

It gets thee nothing and hath no excuse, Pride and lust plead pleasure, avarice gain; But the cheap swearer, through his open shame, Lets his soul run for naught, and nothing feeling. Were I an infidel, I would hate swearing.

"We violate this commandment, when we use the name of God in common discourse, in a light and irreverent manner; when we interlard our conversations with unnecessary oaths and asseverations in which his name is introduced; when we swear to what we know to be false, or when we multiply oaths in reference to vain and trifling concerns; when we imprecate curses and damages upon our fellow creatures," &c.

The sin of profane swearing is one of the most horrid deformities, and one of the most frequent occurrences. There may be some traders in ardent spirits, who are not guilty of profane swearing, but the number is remarkably small. I doubt whether there is one in a thousand; but if they were all released from personal guilt, yet they cannot be exculpated from the charge alleged against them. They sustain a guilty relation to this vice, inasmuch as they are the cause of a few cents' administrator a beverage to their fellow men, which maddens their brain, and makes them almost devils incarnate, who are ready to utter curses and blasphemies enough to turn

"The cheek of darkness pale." Go to the spot where intoxicating liquors are sold, and your ears will be troubled with oaths of the most low, and irreverent character; full bad enough to shock the sensibilities of a heathen. There are men, who are never heard to utter a profane word when sober, but let him visit the receptacle of vice, where the voracious liquor dealer "proffers the cup of enchantment," under the diabolical influence of which, he foully breathes forth horrible imprecations, and most God-provoking blasphemies; such as befit the devil himself.

It is at the liquor dealer's establishment, that the young man who was taught at his mother's knees, with a spirit of most sincere piety, to reverence the name of God; it is there that he learns to utter the first oath of familiarity, which is received with cheers and senseless shouts of laughter, by his drinking comrades, while the broad decausal grin of the rum-seller, seems to say: try again. I venture the assertion, that there is more blasphemy and profane swearing, at such haunts of iniquity, than at any other place on the face of the whole earth.

But is the vendor of fire-water implicated no farther, than that he affords the means, whereby profanity is prompted? Would we be going too far, in saying that he possesses a feeling of this sort? What care I how much they curse and swear, or how aggravated their crime, so I get gain. Yes let

Almighty God, and curse the Lamb, and curse The Earth."

but let me fill my coffers? No, it matters not with me. If this be a rational inference, then, he is more than willing, that God should be dishonored in order to satisfy his penurious disposition. Now is not as clear as noon-day, that this commandment is in violation, by the force of

the traffic?

It presents a more culpable case, when we consider that this is a moral law, prohibits all in very many cases of the traffic is the primary may start back and ask, that they are connected with the traffic? It presents a more culpable case, when we consider that this is a moral law, prohibits all in very many cases of the traffic is the primary may start back and ask, that they are connected with the traffic? It presents a more culpable case, when we consider that this is a moral law, prohibits all in very many cases of the traffic is the primary may start back and ask, that they are connected with the traffic?

Grand jurymen have been as thoroughly convinced, that too many such witnesses did not tell all they knew, as they could have been. Now what is the nature of the oath administered when they pressed the Holy Bible to their polluted lips. "To tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me God." I must acknowledge, while penning this my whole soul is shocked.

There are many who frequent liquor establishments that become drunkards, and that too through the vendor's instrumentality; they waste their substance, send the companions of their bosom, broken hearted to a premature grave. They beggar their children, but still quaff the exhilarating, but poisonous draught. They soon become homeless, friendless, powerless. They have worked their way into a reckless state of being, which prepares them for any and every crime. Can it be denied, that many in that condition have been induced to forswear themselves; to take a false oath? I think not.

Behold that miserable wretch, as he stands at the bar of his country, with his trembling hand upon the Holy Bible; and see him place the sacred volume to his quivering lips, and press it with a reckless and nefarious kiss. What a fearful affinity does he bear to Judas? Gaze upon the unfortunate creature for a while; see his tattered garments, distorted features, haggard countenance, and trembling frame; the whole man a complete wreck. Now start from that point, turn your back upon that miserable being, and retrace his steps, and in doing so, you pass through many a soul appalling scene; and ever and anon disgusting sights rise up before you; you soon pass his ruined and beggared children, and now you step across the grave of his wife, then just before you is an establishment, at once alluring, and seems to drive away the reflections occasioned by what you have just beheld: you enter, but think, you stand upon the spot where first that unfortunate man, upon whom you just now gazed, stood. 'Twas then he first put forth, unfortunately his hand, and took the wine, which "biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." Look up; there stands the man who proffered the cup of enchantment. Gaze upon the picture, view the beginning, and then the end, and tell me, did not the vending of ardent spirits have an essential and fearful bearing, upon the destiny of that poor unfortunate man? We repeat, the liquor traffic was the primary cause of his degradation, and destruction. Liquor Dealer, can you doubt, but your name stands connected with the violation of the third commandment, in the records of Heaven? A voice of warning exclaims, forbear.

CHAPTER V.
THE FOURTH COMMANDMENT.
"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

"This is the day which God hath blessed, The brightest of the seven, Type of that everlasting rest The saints enjoy in heaven."

Having noticed three of the precepts of the divine law, from the examination of which, we must conclude that the practice of liquor dealing is exceedingly disastrous in its operations and results; we now proceed to the examination of the fourth commandment, which we think will involve the trafficker in a deeper guilt; and show that his business is more God-provoking, and damning in its tendency.

The day of rest which we are commanded to "remember to keep holy," is the result of infinite wisdom and goodness. There are six days, which man is commanded to devote to secular concerns; ample time to attend to all that is necessary for the temporal comfort, and as man is doomed to obtain a support by the sweat of his brow, it affords quite a respite. We would represent our Sabbath, as so many green spots, beside which flows a limpid stream, interspersed at a regular distance, through a vast desert, upon which the weary traveller may repose, and be refreshed. The Sabbath was set apart for the contemplation of God, and his goodness; and to engage in holy and devotional exercises. But is the practice of a large majority of those who sell spirituous liquor, in keeping with this design? Is not the direct tendency of the traffic to induce men to desecrate the holy Sabbath? Does not the vendor himself incur personal guilt? There are a great many, who deal out more of the liquid fire on the Sabbath, than on any other day. How often do you see liquor establishments crowded with the low, and the vile, the young and the old, on the Sabbath, drinking to intoxication. The trafficker is following his vocation, as steadily, and to the same intent, as is the man, who may be ploughing in his field; except that he is dealing out to his fellow men liquid death. He then is guilty of a very gross, and outrageous violation of the Sabbath.

There are many who are open in their work of sin and death, on the Lord's day, but there are others, who have a mean back door, in their nice grocery store, or grog shop, behind which the avaricious and the heartless trafficker places himself,

to watch for, and grant admittance to the poor, miserable, degraded negro, from whom, for a third of the value, yea a curse; he expects to raise a few paltry cents. O, what a base outrage upon the Sabbath? O ye heaven-provoking, base desecrators of the blessed Sabbath of the Lord; how justly do you deserve the withering wrath of Almighty God? How could the devil more successfully violate the fourth commandment, were he to call forth his best efforts? An opportunity is afforded all who may repair to these sinks of iniquity, to trample this precept of the moral law beneath their feet. The doors of the grog shop, and the bar room, are always open, but more particularly, like the gates of hell, on the Sabbath, for the reception of all who may enter. Could we be in some secluded spot in the grog shop, or bar room, on the Sabbath, that we might gaze for a while on the miserable convulse of the Bacchus family, O! what a detestable scene would be presented to our view. Beside the intoxicating bowl, there is the card table. In one corner is a cluster of obscene talkers; in another direction, there is a company of profane swearers; some are laughing, some are quarreling, and others forming schemes of wickedness. The whole scene is well calculated to remind one of perdition itself. We turn from such a sight with extreme disgust and unbounded abhorrence; and as we turn to read: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy;" the thought occurs, there can be no reason why, save the consideration of God's long suffering, that he does not breathe forth in vengeance, and blast and wither those who so daringly, and abominably profane the day of the Lord.

No man at all capable of judging from observation, can look around him, without coming to the conclusion, that at the liquor vendor's establishment this divine injunction is totally disregarded. The Grog Shop, and Bar room, are places of retreat for those who wish to spend the Sabbath in gratifying their sensual appetites, and it is at these miserable, and vile haunts, that the youth of our land, are deluded and allured from the path of virtue; it is there they learn to disregard the Sabbath. Instead of spending this Holy day in pious devotion, these depraved traffickers prostitute the Sabbath to unholy, and despicable purposes. Instead of spending their time usefully, they are engaged on this day, in swelling the dark catalogue of abominable crime; and "heap up wrath, against the day of wrath." Instead of extending the hand of charity to the poor and miserable, he is engaged in blasting the fair prospects of his fellow men, and bringing them to penury and want; rendering thousands the most wretched of the human race. Instead of being engaged in dispensing abroad the benevolence of a generous heart, in promoting the general good, he is employed on the Sabbath, in dispensing woe and misery, and promoting vice, and immorality. Instead of exhibiting an example worthy of imitation, an example at once virtuous, and commendable; he sends forth a blighting, and demoralizing influence far and wide. O, how utterly to be detested is the traffic in ardent spirits, as connected with Sabbath breaking? How utterly adverse to good morals, good society, and to every thing that is good, and laudable? O what an almost interminable list of deep, dark, iniquities, will be exhibited to the gaze of the condemned trafficker beyond the grave; all the result of his freely chosen employment in this world. We do not wish to be understood as excusing those who close their doors on Sabbath; those who do not sell a drop of spirituous liquor on that day. Nay, verily. For many purchase at the hand of the dealer, a sufficient supply of fire water on Saturday evening, in order to drink and carouse on the next day; and O what scenes of revelry, and debauchery transpire; not unfrequently, murder, and deeds of darkness are committed. See the poor, filthy negro, as he with stealthy movement, proceeds on Sabbath morning to the spot where is concealed a jug of dirty whiskey, obtained at the grocery, the evening before. That one jug of whiskey, is the cause of the greatest amount of rapine, and theft; the proceeds of which goes into the hands of the whiskey dealer; for negroes steal in order to supply themselves with whiskey. O how low, and dirty the calling. My fellow man, God beholds you in criminal connexion with the violation of the fourth precept of the moral law. Therefore, give up your calling, and seek one more in accordance with pure principles, and philanthropy.

CHAPTER VI.
THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT.
"Honor thy father and thy mother."

— witness the irreverent son Due to his father heard this heavy curse, Servant of servants, on his vicious race.

confirms the above statement in the following language: "The meaning of the term honor, is comprehensive, and imports, as appears from various passages in which it occurs, reverence, affection and grateful obedience. It expresses at once a principle and a feeling, each of which must influence the practice; one binding obedience on the conscience, the other rendering it the free effusions of the heart; one securing the great point of duty, and the other giving rise to a thousand tender sentiments and courtesies which mutually meliorate the temper, and open one of the richest sources of domestic felicity." The above we believe is a fair construction, and the precept implies all that has been said of it.

The observance of this item of the moral law, we consider of vast and momentous importance to the well being of society, and absolutely necessary to the preservation of domestic peace and happiness. Were this commandment expunged and totally disregarded, what a scene of malignant hate, strife and oppression, of degradation and woe, would be exhibited to the gaze of man. The thought is truly appalling, and the feelings of every parent must revolt at the reflection. Such a circumstance cannot be contemplated without feelings of the most inveterate abhorrence. What then must we think of those men, whose daily employment tends directly, not to expunge exactly, for this, his weak and polluted hand can never do; but to destroy all regard for this wholesome law. That this is the tendency of the liquor traffic, a thousand instances declare. Let the parent remember, that the influence of the traffic first beguiled his unsuspecting boy, and caused him to be disobedient and irreverent. Think of that virtuous youth, who leaves the parental roof with his father's benediction and affectionate advice, in order to avail himself of the means and privileges of mental culture. Does it ever enter the mind of the anxious parent, that there are those who will use their influence to delude and draw his boy away from the paths of sobriety and virtue? Or, does it occur to the mind of the affectionate and dutiful son, that he will be allured away into a practice, tending only to alienate his affections from beloved parents, and to form an insuperable barrier to filial obedience? Even the thought of any such thing would make the parent tremble, and would be spurned, as unworthy a place in that heart from which there is the gushing forth of generous and filial feeling. But scarcely has he gotten out of sight of the old homestead, scarcely has he turned from the last gaze upon the beautiful forest skirting the home of his childhood, when his attention is attracted by an array of all that is enticing to the taste, and flaming advertisements promising more. He beholds the liquor dealer's establishment with mingled feelings of astonishment and admiration; he is almost involuntarily led to the door of what seems to him an earthly paradise. He is met by one, whose apparent air is that of cordiality and friendship. Now he enters, still captivated by the seeming urbanity and social feeling of the stranger. The decorated goblet, filled with a sparkling beverage, is presented, he looks upon the wine, prompted by the social air of the vendor, he yields and is soon crushed by the strong man armed, and falls into a state of debauchery. When aroused from his horrible stupor, he is filled with misery and self-loathing; he thinks of his parents, and in quick succession, remembers what he had done, he had been intoxicated. His feelings well nigh overwhelm him, and under a deep sense of his own infatuation, amid the clamorings of a guilty conscience, and in view of how he had been allured, he resolves to do so no more; that it is the first and shall be the last time. He departs and is steady to his purpose for a time, but when conscience through lapse of time has ceased its upbraidings, and those feelings consequent upon a season of debauch, have died away, the same trap is laid, and laid successfully; he is again ensnared, and by the same process he falls again and again, and is greatly lowered in the scale of moral being. He now abandons the improvement of his mind, throws the reins upon the neck of his propensities, and plunges recklessly into the vilest debaucheries. Though a miserable inebriate, he is not entirely forgotten; his most affectionate though deeply troubled parents, earnestly entreat him to return to the paternal roof and the home of his childhood; but such is the callousness of his heart, that he looks upon these testimonials of love and sympathy with indifference. He however concludes to comply with their earnest request. They await with deep anxiety the hour of his arrival; he soon heaves; in sight the old man, with snowy locks, bedimmed eyes, furrowed cheeks, unsteady step, and trembling, though erect form, and with a blended expression of joy and sorrow in his countenance, starts as best he can, to meet his son. Close on his steps is that mother, who had spent many a night of sleepless anxiety, watching over her infant, but now cold, hearted, disobedient, besotted son. She who nourished him, and at whose

knees he was taught the first principles of morality; she too has been worn by age, she is no longer erect, but bending towards the tomb; her eyes have lost their lustre, she with faltering step, accompanies the companion of her brighter days, and the sharer of her sorrows, to meet their much beloved but unfortunate son. The father with deeply agitated mind, and the mother with strong unutterable emotions, embrace their offspring; the sob of age, and deeply afflicted hearts breaks the melancholy silence, and the whole presents a scene enough to melt the heart of a stone. But the disobedient, irreverent, ungrateful son, returns not that kind embrace; he gives no look of affection, those parental tears move not his heart; he exhibits with reference to persons and things, a reckless indifference save to the dealer in liquid woe, and his companions in drunkenness. He is no longer obedient to the laws of the family government, and even often refuses compliance with a simple parental request; he has lost all respect for his parents; in a word, his whole course is the very personification of disobedience, irreverence and ingratitude.

This is no fancy sketch, but no doubt of frequent occurrence; and it is an undeniable fact, that the liquor dealer stands connected with the whole scene, enough to melt an adamant, by the most heartless and fearful ties. He is an essential and dreadfully important actor in this tragedy. He is its inhuman originator. O! what miserable outrages have been committed on parents, by drunken children. We have seen the aged and decrepit mother, driven with curses and dreadful threats from her home, amid the gloom and darkness of night, and was compelled to seek shelter and protection under a neighboring roof. Not long since, in one of the northern streets, a mother was endeavoring to arrest the arm of her son, in the act of committing suicide, while realizing the unhappy effects of continued drunkenness; when the child of her bosom turned with a strong hand and cut her throat. Very many have been the insults given, and injuries inflicted by dissipated children on their parents. We might call up instances, and swell this chapter, but we deem it unnecessary.

That these things have occurred, and that they still occur, is a fact beyond contradiction. A drunken child will dishonor his parent; and it is through the influence and instrumentality of the rum-seller, that they become drunkards. The accursed drum shop, and most demoralizing liquor dealing tavern, are the places where the youth of our land learn to gamble; notwithstanding the advice and instruction of their parents to the contrary. There they are taught to believe that their parents are too rigid, and that they do not wish their children to enjoy themselves, and thus disobedience and disrespect is cherished in them by the wicked and presumptuous trafficker. 'Tis there the youth of fifteen is taught to put on the airs of manhood. A cigar is placed in his mouth, a glass of brandy in one hand, and a pack of cards in the other. And now he struts about, with conscious magnanimity and greatness. He has graduated at the University of Bacchus, where he was under the supervision and instruction of the Professor of human woes, and horrible death; and he exhibits his diploma to every passer-by. The Professor considers him an apt scholar, and proficient student, and feels fully satisfied, that he will be a man of the most accurate, miserable and degraded distinction. He is assured that if he will still apply himself, that he will have the pleasure of dishonoring his parents, and the exquisite delight of bringing their gray hairs down to the grave with sorrow; and ultimately to have the distinguished honor of dying in the delightful and sublime gutter; buried by the county, and unlamented and unregretted. Such boys brought up at the feet of such horribly accomplished Professors, think their fathers remarkably dull; by no means out of their horn book, and their mothers scarcely know their letters. And they intend to honor, obey and love them, by disgracing, disobeying and hating them.

Liquor dealer, you are engaged in a business by which children have been made to curse father and mother. Yes, you have caused many a father to weep the bitter tears of anguish, and laid the broken hearted mother in the gloomy tomb. O! at the day of final retribution, how many parents will charge you, that it was through your influence that their children were induced to violate the fifth commandment, and attribute to you their damnation. Cease your soul-ruining traffic.

(To be continued.)

Forty years ago, a young man unknown to fame and the world, traveled on foot from the city of Baltimore to our western frontiers; that some individual afterwards astonished the world by the splendor of his victories, and a grateful nation conferred upon him the highest honors within her power to give, gave him a title far higher than King or Emperor, it was the President of a free, intelligent, and mighty people; and he who now occupies the same dignified chair, rose from the humble condition of an apprentice, to his present position of honor and profit. Then let no one despair, because he has to rely upon his own exertions, for this reliance develops the will and the power, and the aspiring mind, though crowded upon by difficulties and discouragements, will rise superior to every obstacle, and rebound by the blow designed to crush it.

Choice Literature.
From the National Temperance Magazine.
THE DEMON OF THE CUP.
A ROMANCE OF LOVE, HOPE AND PEACE.
BY J. M. WILLIS GEIST.
(Concluded from our last.)
CHAPTER III.
A WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

The dream of his mother made a deep but not an effective impression upon the heart of Charles. Without the knowledge of his friends, he had formed some acquaintances in the city of Lancaster, where his business called him almost every week, whose evil influence and example were fearfully apparent. It had been noted for several weeks in the village, that he very often drank wine at the inn, and various were the surmises as to the probable result of such a course. But his friends were all delighted to find that he suddenly ceased to visit the bar room, and his mother fondly hoped that she had won him back to safety. Still the impression of her dream remained on her mind with painful distinctness.

She soon noticed, however, that her son spent two days in visiting Lancaster, instead of one; and she was unable to divine the reason, he merely alleging that an increase of business was the cause of the detention. Heretofore, Fanny Maitland had often been the companion of his visits to the city, but of late she seldom shared this pleasure. She was a noble young girl, the daughter of an independent farmer, who had correct ideas of his daughter's education, in which he was cordially seconded by his wife. They were instructed in all the varied branches of household duty, as well as in the popular educational studies of the day. They were therefore qualified for wives as well as companions. Ardent and devoted in her attachment to Charles, Fanny never doubted that necessity compelled him to protract his visits to Lancaster, as well as to give her less of his company. But the saddening truth at last was revealed. His "moderate drinking," as it ever will in nine cases out of ten, ended in cursing him with a craving appetite for daily potations. On his way home one day, in company with some gay companions, he drank several times, and when he arrived at the village, his boisterous conduct revealed his own shame. That night he had engaged to see Fanny. He went, intoxicated as he was, and found her alone in the flower-yard, awaiting his arrival. Hitherto her trusting heart had caused her to turn a deaf ear to all the reports she had heard of his tipping propensities. And when the stern truth flashed upon her senses, the shock inflicted on her sensitive nature, well nigh overcame her delicate nerves. She, however, remonstrated with him in the most affectionate manner. His feelings were touched by her tears and entreaties, and he promised to refrain in future from the intoxicating cup. But this was not enough for the noble-hearted girl. She feared that he had gone too far to be safe without some high obligation of honor to restrain him, for in his sorrow for pain he had inflicted on the idol of his heart, he candidly admitted that an appetite for strong drink had been formed. She therefore desired him to take the pledge of total abstinence, throw his influence in favor of the society in the village. But to this proposition he would not listen, alleging that if he did so, his acquaintance would take it for granted that he had not the power to "govern himself."

Fanny had discretion enough not to press the matter too far on that occasion. She conceived a better plan. There was a clergyman in the village, for whom she knew Charles entertained a high opinion. He was a diligent laborer in the good cause, and was never afraid to preach temperance sermons to his congregation, notwithstanding that the innkeeper of the place was one of the elders of his church! To him Fanny repaired without delay, and opened her plan, which was this. She desired him to preach a sermon on the next Sabbath, showing that it was the duty of such men, as had sufficient moral firmness to govern themselves properly in their moral conduct, to use every available means to encourage their weaker brethren to do likewise, and suggested for his text the maxim of St. Paul, where he declares, that if eating meat caused his weaker brethren to offend, he would deny himself for their sake. This old man was delighted with the suggestion, and Fanny went home determined to say nothing more to Charles on the subject until he had heard the sermon.

On the next Sabbath evening they went to church together, and it was the remark of every one in the house, that they had never before heard such a deep and powerful discourse from the old man. His text was happily chosen, and the application of it was managed with a master's skill and energy. He contended that it was the duty of every member of society to have a due regard to the effect of their own influence and example upon others. To Paul, as the Apostle of the Gentiles, there was no actual impropriety in eating meat; but when he saw that such indulgence in what is considered one of the necessities of life, became a stumbling block to his Jewish brethren, he felt it his duty to deny himself for their sake. So he contended it was with total abstinence societies. It was not absolutely necessary for every one to take the pledge of sobriety, so far as his own welfare was at stake, for there